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Your friend
Will D. Mure

The Hills o' Hope

WILL D. MUSE

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To those whom I love and trust and whose faith and comradeship has lightened the load and brightened the road to the Hills O' Hope: this little volume is

LOVINGLY DEDICATED

Introduction.

BEYOND the valley of sorrow and disappointment lie the HILLS O'HOPE, sun-kissed and glorious, lifting their silent peaks to the very gates of our HEAVEN OF DESIRE.

The road through the valley may be rough and winding, and the gray mist of regret may fall around us, but the pathway will lead us on, and up, to the golden glory of THE HILLS O'HOPE, and over into that mysterious land that lies just beyond—where the heart can rest and grieve no more; where eyes are always bright with gladness, and where hands are ever busy with the endless tasks of love.

It is LOVE and HOPE and TRUST that weave the straws and twigs into a nest among the branches of the apple tree, where the brown thrush sits and sings. It is LOVE and HOPE and TRUST that cement them together into a soft swaying basket for the little ones to come; and it is LOVE and HOPE and TRUST that ply the golden shuttle in the loom of life, weaving together the brittle thread of days into the warp and woof of the heart.

It is HOPE that whispers to us at the dawn of every day, with the dew upon the sleeping flowers and the sunlight upon the rolling fields. It is TRUST that gives us strength, when the day has reached its noon, and the burden of labour is heavy upon our shoulders; and it is LOVE that waits for us when sunset's crimson tints the HILLS O'HOPE—waits beside the open door where the red rose bends, and the candle gleams bright in the window; waits to kiss away the frown from a tired brow, and whisper the old sweet story into ever-listening ears, while dear hands clasp other hands, as in the soft twilight dear, eager lips find other hungry lips to comfort and caress.

It is ever so, and will always be, as long as life shall last. Our eyes are ever looking toward the far-off HILLS O'HOPE, and our restless feet are always searching for the winding pathway that leads to the HOUSE OF LOVE.



THE HILLS O' HOPE.

Say, smile and just be happy, with the shiftin' of your load,
For a shady place is waitin' at the bendin' o' the road;
You may get footsore and weary as the path gleams hot and white,
But there's rest and dreams, aplenty 'neath the curtains o' the night.
So just whistle, while you're trampin' for there's lots o' fun in hope,
And it's "ave et vale" old fellow, as you take the downward slope.

You may find folks cold and heartless, as you fight your way to fame,
But don't stop to grieve their friendship if you want to play the game;
Keep on climbin', keep on strivin', keep on singin' as you go,
Keep your eyes always turned upward, for its death to look below;
And be sure to keep on smilin' at your foes, and at your friends,
For there's just one friend worth countin', where life's rugged pathway ends.

It is good to hear the echo of the builder's hammer shock,
It is good to ride the breakers as they dash upon the rock;
It is good to rest, aweary, when the long day's toil is done,
If we know each stroke was honest—be the battle lost or won.
And the greatest compensation—though we may have lost the fight,
Is the smile of eyes that love us where the hearthstone fire burns bright.



THE ONLY ROAD.

There is just one path that is worth the finding,
 Of all the ways which Fate may lead,
Through the mist of years, so chill and blinding;
 Only one path that our feet most need;
Out of the faith to which we are clinging,
 Out of the creeds which our fathers knew;
Just one hope—while the heart is singing—
 It's the path of love—through the dusk and dew.

From the fields below, with the south wind blowing,
 To the snow-capped verge of the mountain height,
There is just one way the heart is knowing,
 As it struggles on through the weary night;
There is just one road that has its ending,
 Where the heart can rest, and grieve no more;
It's the road that stops where the rose is bending,
 And Love waits close by the open door.

From the peopled earth to the gates of Heaven,
 Through the dearth of years that are never kind;
Through the fire of Fate where the soul is shriven,
 We search for the road we may never find;
It's the road of Love which is ever turning
 In and out through the drifting years;
We search and search, while the heart is yearning,
 And tired eyes ache with the bitter tears.

We may wear the crown which proud Fame places,
 We may spend the gold which our slavery gave;
But the past will come, with its dead ghost-faces,
 And torture us with the love we crave.
We may have earth's wealth—all the gold and glory;
 We may walk through halls that are rich and grand;
But our ears will long for the old, old story,
 While we miss the touch of a vanished hand.

L' Envoi—

For, out through the years that are ever thralling,
 And up to the gates of Heaven above;
There is just one path, that is calling, calling,
 It's the path that leads to the House of Love.



STILL-BORN.

What will of God or fancied trick of Fate
 Brings life and death so often side by side?
A soul stands close to life's half-open gate,
 And then this soul is launched upon death's tide.
So, Life and Death are twins within the womb,
 As Death and Life lie, twins, within the tomb.

The glorious mother, with a yearning heart,
 Waits for the gladness of that wondrous hour
When in her arms shall rest her counterpart—
 The precious budding of her heart's first flower.
With heavenly patience doth she look ahead,
 As Death is playing with life's brittle thread.

All of the joy the long years ever gave,
 All of the pain which she shall ever know,
All of the darkness of a silent grave,
 She suffers—for this thing she loveth so.
All of the rapture, all the roseate dreams
 That life doth hold, are hers, alone, it seems.

But what is it that kissed the eyelids still?
 What froze the breath just warm upon her cheek,
And her wild heart with vague forebodings fill,
 Until it grows unfeeling, numb and weak?
What cruel power has chilled those veins of blue,
 And dimmed the light beneath those eyelids, too?

Oh, cruel Fate! Oh, God, whom men call just!
 Where is blind Justice, that doth measure all?
Is there but this—"dust unto silent dust?"
 Is this frail life less than a sparrow's fall?
What compensation for the life she gave?
 What earthly comfort o'er a new-made grave?

DOWN BY THE GATE.

The mocking bird sings a song to its lover,
 I'm waiting and watching for you, by the gate;
The bees have come home from fields of red clover,
 Stars glisten. I listen! Oh! why are you late?

The lilacs are drinking the dewdrops' moist kisses,
 The breezes are saying, "I know he'll be there;"
I'm longing, Sweetheart, for your dearest caresses,
 I have twined a red rose in my dark, tangled hair.

The wind stirs the leaves, the birds are all mating;
 My brown eyes are burning, my arms long for you;
Oh! why don't you come, I'm lonely with waiting,
 My heart is singing a love-song to you.



SMILES.

There's enough of pain and sorrow in this old world,
don't you know,
With the years of toil, struggle, greed and gain.
So start a Joy Tree growing, and say, just let it grow;
For we always get some sunshine after rain.
Just try sometimes to smile,
You can do it—after while.

There's a lot of people living just because they can
not die,
And they nearly always greet you with a frown.
They could as well be pleasant, and grin some if they'd
try;
And a handshake helps a fellow when he's down.
So, forget yourself, and smile,
You'll enjoy it—after while.

Each one must sometimes falter 'neath a heavy load.
Our lips must taste the wormwood and the gall;
But there's always shady places along Life's dusty
road,
And it's just a short day's journey, after all.
So be a sport, and smile,
It will shorten every mile.

There are days so hot and dreary that the soul grows
sick with grief,
And it seems there's nothing hardly worth the fight;
But just keep your thoughts from straying in the paths
of unbelief;
For God's stars are shining somewhere in the night.
So take the road and smile.
Smiles draw interest—after while.

CONSTANCY.

We love, and sigh, and go our way,
With yearning hearts, and eyes tear-wet;
We vow eternal constancy—
And yet we go and soon forget!

Forget our tears 'neath other smiles,
Forget our grief, forget our pain,
Forget another's winning wiles,
And make our vows to love again.

Forget? Ah! well, perhaps we do,
The vows, the sighs, the tears; and yet
Some time, somewhere, 'mid faces new,
The dream comes back and brings regret.



AT ONE DAY'S END.

At last, too soon the lingering day has died,
And o'er the world, so softly, far and wide,
The shadows fall.
The sunset crimson tints the distant west,
And twilight—silent harbinger of rest—
Creeps over all.
Another day forever gone! Dear Heart,
Nearer, one day, to where our paths must part.

Another sunset, and the evening star
Is brightly gleaming, where'er you are;
While all alone
I sit, ahungered for one little touch
Of your dear fingers that I love so much;
But they are gone!
And you're gone, gone with the day that died,
And I am all alone, lonely and unsatisfied.

Ah, can't you feel this longing for you, Dear?
This want of you; and can't you hear
Me call your name?
Can you not feel my hands caress you yet?
Feel my last kiss? Oh, God! you can't forget.
Since dear love came.
You can't forget—although the day is dead—
My love, my kisses, and the things I said.

WHEN THE SAND MAN COMES.

When I'm tired, you know, and the day slips out
Thro' the lonesome fields of night,
And the stars just wink at me, and the moon
Comes up so round and white.

When the fire in the grate burns big and red,
Then Daddy comes home to stay,
And he says, as he puts his hand on my head,
"Have you been a nice man today?"

When I say, "Yes, sir!" he says, "Tut, tut,"
But he smiles as he rocks and hums,
Then whispers, "Better get those blue eyes shut,
Before the old Sand Man comes."

So he rocks, while I try to count the sheep
As they gallop across his knee,
And I count and count till I fall asleep,
With his strong arms holding me.



WE MUST GO BACK.

Good Bye!
We must go back again, where duty leads,
Back where the days are gray and drear,
Back where our paths must part, My Dear,
Back to a cold world's laws and creeds.
We must go back. Good bye!

Good Bye!
Our joy has reached its end.
The few short days, which were our own,
Have passed, the golden sun that shone
Upon us, now with the shadows blend.
We must go back. Good bye!

Good Bye!
The dream is done; and we must pay
The price for such a wondrous bliss,
The voiceless joy of lips that cling and kiss.
Fate hath decreed; there is no other way,
We must go back. Good bye!

Good Bye!
And may God always bless you, Dear,
Guarding your steps, no matter where you go,
Keeping you pure; because I love you so,
Then when I call, I know that you will hear.
But for awhile, we must go back.

THE FRIENDLY ROAD.

(In Memory of David Grayson.)

Comrade, we are listening all along life's way,
For the happy echo of your cheery voice;
Falling soft as dew-drops at the close of day,
And each little whisper makes our hearts rejoice;
Sundown land before us, on the open road;
Comradeship like yours lightens every load.

Big, broad fields of sunshine, mixed with clover-bloom,
Daisies nodding "Howdy" to the passing breeze;
Summer slipping threads of gold in her whirring loom,
Orioles are singing in the apple trees;
Twilight shadows falling, hear the whip-poor-will
Softly, sweetly calling, just beyond the hill.

Life has many sorrows, but a night's repose
Often makes us hungry for the day again;
Though the thorns may sting us, yet we love the rose,
And we know that sunshine always follows rain;
Life will soon be over, God will take our load
When we reach the ending of The Friendly Road.



WHEN THE NAG GOES LAME.

A little bit o' sunshine and a little bit o' shade;
A little bit o' puffin' on the uphill grade;
A little bit o' patience with things that can't be cured,
And a little bit o' grinnin' o'er things to be endured—
For the days are ne'er so gloomy but they might be worse,
And you needn't start to crying 'till you see the hearse.

A little bit o' playin' as you plod along,
And a little bit o' prayin'—a little snatch o' song;
A little bit o' pilin' up a kind-word claim,
And a little bit o' smilin' when the nag goes lame—
For there's many a happy couple never rode a one-horse shay,
But walked the road together, on their wedding day.

A little bit o' "sandin' " on a long, slick track;
A little bit o' backbone up and down your back;
A little bit o' welcome, and your door flung wide,
Just to make your neighbors happy if you just half tried—
For each day is mighty fleeting and your stay is mighty brief,
And the devil's always grinnin' at your unbelief.

TO MARGARET.

Merry Little Sunshine, with your eyes of blue!
Wonder how the angels ever let you through
Heaven's gates of jasper? They must have been asleep,
And each night the dew-drops are the tears they weep.

All the stars are candles which they burn at night,
Searching Heaven for you, since you took your flight;
And they wander, weeping, o'er the milky way.
Their lone vigil keeping, every night and day.

Summer's ever-fleeting days are never long,
And the heart is aching underneath its song.
Close my arms enfold you—head of burnished gold—
But they cannot hold you when the years grow old.

Sing a song of summer, dimpled chin and cheek,
Where the smiles and roses play at 'hide-and-seek.'
Merry Little Sunshine, when God calls for you,
Smile up at the angels; they will let you through.



PARTING.

When you are gone;
 A thousand thoughts will come to torture me,
Of things my aching heart would tell to you;
 A thousand words that struggle to be free,
And yet, today, I cannot say but few—
 For you are here.

When you are gone!
 My empty arms will ache to hold
You close against my lonely orphaned heart;
 My lips, now silent, will grow overbold,
And taunting memories make my pulses start—
 When you are gone!

While you are here!
 I can but sit and look into your eyes
That hold the magic of each joy I feel,
 And yet my soul will cry for your replies
Tonight, when all alone, I humbly kneel—
 And you are gone!

When you are gone!
 I will not count the hours but by the beat
Of my sad heart, hungry to have you near,
 And hear again your precious lips repeat
The whispered love words that I long to hear—
 When you are gone!

IF GOD KNEW.

Alone! I wonder if God ever knew
 The dull, dead ache that comes with loneliness?
The pain that grips me in this want of you,
 Dry lips made dumb by pitiless distress.

Alone! Ah! God must surely know,
 Or else there is no kindly God up there,
Where stars, like distant fire-flies glow.
 No God—then there can be no prayer.

Alone, my hungry heart athirst again
 Just for the cooling waters of your love.
Starved! Like the flowers for the summer rain
 That falls, refreshing, from the skies above.

Alone! Oh, God, if faith is not a lie,
 Let me reach out across the weary years
To find you, hold you, e'er my fond hopes die
 And I walk, blinded by a million tears.



OUR LITTLE HOUSE.

A little house—your house and mine;
 Low hanging eaves, close clinging vine,
And flowers, too.
 One little door to open wide
Enough for two to pass inside.
 Just me—and you.

One pathway where red roses blow,
 One window where you'd sit and sew,
And watch for me.
 One open fire, one vacant seat,
Kept just for me, beside you, Sweet,
 Where none could see.

One little garden, hid from view,
 Filled with God's love, and sunshine, too—
Just yours, and mine.
 One little world of love and bliss,
A low, glad laugh, a welcome kiss.
 While blue eyes shine.

A little house—our house, Dear Heart—
 Where homeing steps make pulses start,
And fill the eyes
 With eager welcome; and inside
A pair of arms to open wide—
 My paradise.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

I wonder, sometimes, if the heart can be human
That never succumbed to the charms of a woman,
For even old Adam in the Garden of Eden
Was tempted by Eve while his snakes he was feedin'.

The man must, indeed, have very poor digestion
Who never "gets sweet" on the article in question;
For the world is the same, all over and over,
The bees will steal sweets from the broad fields of clover.

A man must love, and, though she don't show it,
Woman must be loved, and cannot outgrow it;
Her hair may turn gray and Time steal her roses,
But she likes to be kissed just below where her nose is.

'Tis the same fairy tale, a tale sweet and olden,
Of hearts that are young and days that are golden;
And though hearts grow old and clouds hang above us,
We always want woman to worry and love us.



YOUR BEAUTIFUL ARMS.

Alone tonight—and I want you only—
 My heart is hungry for just its own;
With the ending day, so void and lonely,
 There is just one joy that could atone
For the nameless ache which my soul is feeling,
 And the empty night with its wild alarms;
It would be to feel around me stealing,
 Again, those beautiful, twining arms.

The tasks are done! Gray twilight falling,
 Brings a sting to the eyes, tear-wet;
As I seem to hear you calling, calling,
 The old sweet names that I can't forget.
The mating bird to its home is winging,
 Where waiting love its chill heart warms;
I yearn for your red lips ever clinging,
 And a haven of rest in your beautiful arms.

Oh! the days are hard, and the days are weary,
 'Till I come, again, in the dusk and dew;
And the dragging nights are black and dreary,
 While my soul cries out its want of you.
But when I come in the dim tomorrow,
 To find you burdened with olden charms,
I will then forget all the pain and sorrow,
 In the wild, glad joy of your beautiful arms.

COMMUNION.

I do not walk alone!
 I seem to find you ever by my side,
When hands grow tired, and lips are dumb
 With pain, when hope has almost died,
When kindly shadows veil the aching eyes,
 And gentle breezes cool the fevered brow,
I find you near.

I cannot walk alone!
 The thread of Fate has led me from afar,
Out of the wreck of life's dead past;
 Thro' all the empty years to where you are,
Until I find no solace, or content
 Apart from you, and ever do I feel
Your presence, Dear.

I would not walk alone!
 I only ask, that in the weaving of the future days,
The sunshine of your face may be a part
 Of every moment, and your lips to praise
Me for the good which I may do.
 Until we sit beside a mouldering hearth
When all is done.



HEART HUNGER.

The twilight gathers thick and fast,
 The sunset skies are gray;
The sea gulls flutter 'round the mast,
 And in the glittering spray;
The night-birds call; while in the sky
 The stars gleam, one by one;
Upon the bay the shadows lie—
 The weary day is done.

Across the water gleams the moon,
 A path of burnished gold;
And o'er the world the somber night
 Its robes of silence fold.
Oh, star-lit night! Oh! vanished past!
 Bring back the wondrous bliss
Of other days, Of twining arms—
 A smile, a word, a kiss.

Bring back the treasure that is lost,
 The ships put out to sea.
The turquoise blue of smiling eyes;
 Oh! bring again to me
The rose red lips, which once did give
 A draught of richest wine.
A heart so full of passion's fire,
 A love so wholly mine.

Sweetheart, I'm waiting for you now,
 I'm hungry for your kiss;
So hungry for your dear, dear, arms,
 It's You—just You—I miss.
The rose has faded in my hand,
 Its petals droop and fall.
Ah, life is but a game of chance—
 We win or lose it all!

L:Envoi.
What matters where the lost ships port,
 Or where the south wind blows?
My love is living with the stars;
 Your love died with the rose.



TANGLED DREAMS.

Alone, again, with just my thoughts of you,
 Tired, empty hands and aching eyes;
Alone, and wondering if you only knew,
 Would you be kind or wise?
Would you be wise and stay your words of cheer,
 Or kind and whisper, low, "I love you, Dear."

The winter skies are gray, and in the west
 The cloud-isles gleam, like burnished gold;
Beyond them lies, somewhere, the land of rest,
 Where Heaven's pearly gates unfold:
The dark comes down, and faint the star-light gleams,
 And I'm alone, with just my tangled dreams.

Alone with just my dreams—Ah! if you knew
 How hard it seems, hard and unreal,
That I'm so near and yet so far away from you;
 So very close, sometimes, I almost feel
The magic of your touch, your laugh, your song,
 And, yet, too far to reach you through my whole life long.

Alone! Oh, God! I wonder if you know
 Just what it means to miss
The touch of hands within the firelight's glow,
 And eager lips held up to kiss?
Oh! do you understand, or do you care?
 Hope, love and trust are mingled with my prayer.

A WANDERER.

I've been waiting, so eager, so hungry to roam
 'Neath the stars, with their heavenly light;
No breast for a pillow, no arms for a home,
 I long for the uplands tonight—
With a gleam of the road through the dusk and the dew,
 And a dream of the joys which my forefathers knew.

There's many a cottage I pass, by the way,
 Where the light of a candle I see
Gleaming out through the dark, some wanderer to stay;
 But there's never one burning for me—
So my eyes look ahead to a bend in the road,
 As I swing up my pack, with the heft of the load.

The smell of the grasses, the light of the moon,
 And the call of a quail from the hill,
Bring thoughts of the days that vanished too soon,
 A promise which Fate could not fill;
But I smile back at Fate, as I drink the last glass,
 With an "Ave Et Vale" to each cottage I pass.



IF YOU HAD KNOWN.

If you had dreamed,
That my heart was aching for just a sign,
A word, a look from your eyes to mine;
That the day was fruitless, and dull and drear,
Because I called and you did not hear;
Would you have thought the chance worth while
To make life glad with your old-time smile?
If you had dreamed!

If you had thought,
When you spoke to me in a bitter strain,
That my body would suffer a nameless pain,
When you censured me for things untrue,
Though my eyes smiled up through the tears at you;
Had you blamed me less—been satisfied—
E'er lips were closed, and the day had died?
If you had thought!

If you had known,
That, of all the world we know and see,
You are the best of it all to me;
That the touch of your hand, the joy of your smile,
Is all that makes each day worth while;
Would you have given me more or less
Of the love I crave, and forgiveness?
If you had known?

THAT OTHER LAND.

I wonder if there is a land, somewhere,
Where all of youth's dreams come true?
A land with valleys of rolling green,
A land with its skies so blue?
Do you think there is ever a place like this,
Where our hearts can treasure the joys they miss?

I wonder if there is a soothing balm?
To cure all the hurts we know?
Or the wonderful joy of a quiet calm,
When the tempest has ceased to blow?
Do you think, in that land, the sunset gleams
Will find us counting, again, our dreams?

Will we find over there, as we used to do,
The joys of a childhood past?
The "Calico Dog" and "Little Boy Blue,"
Will we get them all back at last?
Will we have all of this in that wonderful land,
And the dear, dear mothers who understand?



THE RIVER.

Sad hearts grow weary of waiting in vain
 The coming of Love's ships out of the west;
Hands that have reached after life's golden grain
 Tire of the struggle and fold over the breast;
Men come and are gone!
 But my waters flow on;
I'm the river, you know, and I never rest.

Sometimes life's morning is scarcely at dawn
 When the wee baby fingers get stiffened and cold,
While the eyelids—soft curtains—are tremblingly drawn
 Over eyes which a vision of Heaven did hold;
Just an hour of bliss,
 Just one baby kiss—
But my work is not finished, so I must go on.

Sometimes life's rich morning drifts on to the night,
 And the bright star of hope flashes out from the sky;
The rare bloom of beauty has suffered no blight,
 Though the flowers of life bloom only to die;
Life's twilight creeps up,
 As they empty the cup—
But I must go on, while the weary winds sigh.

'Tis ever and ever the same story told,
 Though new are the ears that listen to hear;
The story of waiting 'till young hearts are old,
 The story of life, of hope and of fear;
They watch and they wait,
 As they swing on Life's gate—
While I journey onward, year after year.

OCTOBER.

The summer days have vanished, and the fields
 Grow sear and brown;
 While from the town
The tall church steeples shine, like burnished shields.

The fields of corn wave many a yellow leaf,
 While from a rail
 I hear a quail
Calling his mate—a heart-cry full of grief.

The misty haze that hovers in the air,
 The sheep's faint bleat—
 The echo of some sweet
Old song that once was new—when life was fair.



I MISS YOU SO.

I miss you so! sometimes
 When weighty problems vex and fret
My mind, and hands grow tired
 Of reaching for things they never get,
And my dry eyes are hot with unshed tears—
 I miss you so!

I miss you so! sometimes
 When at the ending of the day,
As twilight falls, I seem to catch
 The scent of roses from an old, dead May,
And seem to hold, again, your hand—
 I miss you so!

I miss you so! sometimes
 When I awaken from some fitful dream
Wherein you come, as in the long ago,
 Just mine, alone, and when I seem
To feel your lips again; and then—
 I miss you so!

I miss you so! sometimes,
 And all of life seems want and pain,
While in the turmoil and the strife
 I try to pray for your dear arms again
To hold me, as no other's can—
 I miss you so!

I want you so! sometimes
 That nothing else seems worth the while;
I long so for your dear, dear, clinging lips,
 Your gentle eyes and that bewitching smile
They used to hold, before I came,
 To miss and want you so!

FAITH.

I cannot see you when each newborn day
 Sheds golden glory over earth and sky;
But I can hear your dear lips kindly say,
 "I love you, Dear!" as night winds softly sigh.

I cannot reach my hand and find you there,
 When all the sunshine of the day has died;
But still I know I have your daily prayer,
 Breathed out in love, and I am satisfied.

I cannot hear the music of your voice,
 I cannot look into your eyes and smile;
I wait, alone, and have no other choice,
 But this I know, I'll see you after while.



A PRESENT TO MOTHER.

When you're spending your money in bunches, you know,
To give your best girl a box at the show;
When you're straining your credit to keep up the pace,
Aye! selling your soul for the price of a place;
When you're sending rare gifts, with much Christmas joy,
Don't forget your dear, old mother, my boy!

It may be exciting to go the mad gait;
It may seem a joke to tamper with Fate;
It may swell your pride to be toasted and dined,
To lean o'er bare shoulders—touch lips that are wined;
But, boys, there is something far sweeter than this:
The face of your mother held up for a kiss.

Perhaps you won't see her when Christmas gets here,
The mother who sheltered you, year after year;
Perhaps you can't hold that gray head to your breast—
The one in the whole world who loves you the best;
But, boys, when you're buying your presents so gay,
Just send one to mother—you'll be thankful some day.

You may give costly dinners to those in your set;
You may beg to buy friendship—then pray to forget;
You may get hearty handshakes and greetings galore,
With pink-tinted notes from the one you adore!
But the missive of thanks that will fill you with joy,
Is dear, patient mother's "God Bless You, My Boy."

"AVE ET VALE."

"Ave," my friend, the morn of life is beaming,
The bud of hope is bursting into bloom;
The snowy sails are on the ocean gleaming,
But soon, they ride into the western gloom.

"Vale," my friend, life's day is slowly ending,
And death's twilight doth gather thick and fast;
Out o'er the tide our ships are homeward tending,
And tattered sails hang to a shattered mast.



THE LAW.

The story of Martha and Mary is old
 As the oldest fable our lips repeat,
How Martha toiled, and bought and sold,
 While Mary sat at the Master's feet;
And though the world has changed, we know
 The law is now, as the law was then—
The sons of Martha, they plant and sow,
 While the sons of Mary are idle men.

The wheels of commerce turn the same
 Slow and tireless, year after year,
And the mill of Fate breaks, without shame,
 Those who tread it ,with many a tear;
And the songs we hear, through the lonesome night,
 Are Martha's sons, in their wanton glee;
They curse and kill, where the lights are white,
 'Till their eyes are blurred and they cannot see.

While the sons of Mary, on bended knee,
 Pray for them, that they may not fall
Into the pits which they cannot see;
 Pray, with their faces against the wall;
Pray to God, in their mute despair,
 For the sons of Martha, who never heed
The voice of Conscience, which cries, "Beware!"
 But who curse, and die in their drunken greed.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

Evening shades are falling, falling, thick and fast,
 Creeping o'er the meadow, climbing up the hill;
And I hear a plaintive calling, low, at last,
 Calling from the woodland, where all is dark and still:
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"
 Somewhere it is calling "Whip-poor-will."

The nightingale is singing, singing clear and sweet,
 Singing to its sweetheart, singing to the stars;
While there comes a ringing, from where the shadows meet,
 A dear call that is winging from the pasture bars:
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"

Sweetheart, I am yearning, yearning for you still,
 Longing for your kisses, pure as stars above;
While my eyes are burning as with tears they fill,
Don't you hear me calling for you, Love?
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!"
 Waiting for your answer, "Whip-poor-will."



A SUNNY LITTLE FELLOW.

There's a sunny little fellow living with us now, you know,
Eyes as blue as skies in summer, when the breezes gently blow,
Always happy as a sunbeam dancing on the garden wall,
Laughing through the falling tear-drops—if he has to cry at all.

Never selfish with his kisses, gives them to you with a grin,
Pokes his dirty mouth up to you, with the dimples stickin' in
Both his cheeks; and then his fingers slighly steal around your neck,
Leaving "'lasses" on your collar where there'd never been a speck.

Awful jolly, little fellow, with his hair like autumn gold,
And a heart that's just as tender as his big blue eyes are bold.
Guess he won't wear out his welcome if he thinks it best to stay!
And—Oh, God! It would be lonesome, if he ever went away.

THE LONELY HEARTH.

Twilight!
And in the western sky
The fading crimson glow,
Like a sweet memory
Of sunset, that is prone to die.
Twilight—and labors done!

Lamplight!
And softly through the night
A vibrant stillness falls
Like to the drifting leaves.
An hour, just for respite.
Lamplight—and hopes!

Firelight!
The crimson in the sky
Is gone; the sputtering wick
Has burned down to the end.
Upon the hearth the red coals die.
Firelight—and loneliness!



HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.

I love the steaming city, with its rumbling roll of strife;
I love its shimmering highways, with their pulsing veins of life;
There's a vicious joy in fighting where the arm of might is right,
But we find God in the country, where a million stars gleam white.

Where the rustling leaves are flaunting all of Autumn's garnered gold,
And the sumac steals the crimson that the sunset banners hold;
While the white cloud-isles are floating out beyond an opal sea,
And the flowers—God's fragrant footprints—blossom there for you and me.

There is sorrow in the city, caged behind its walls of stone;
There are paths of pain and darkness which the world has never known;
But there's gladness in the country, where the days are full of light,
And God walks along its byways, and the stars gleam still and white.

THE COMING.

Love does not come with honeyed words of praise
To soothe the ear or blind our aching eyes;
But at the ending of long, weary days,
With hands whose touch comforts and satisfies.
True Love comes not with glory, pomp or pride;
It comes at twilight and the quiet fireside.

Love does not come when all the world seems bright,
And Fortune smiles upon us, day by day;
But when the path seems darker than the night,
And trembling lips at last refuse to pray.
True Love comes not when we are satisfied,
It comes—thank God!—when every hope has died.

Love comes not when the laurel wreath of fame
Falls on our brow, and God seems good and just;
But when we wear the crimson robe of shame,
And even God seems faithless to his trust.
True Love come not when Heaven is ours to be;
It comes—at last!—with sad Gethsemane.



DESOLATION.

There seems no surcease from the weary days
That come, with creeping steps, or in the ways
That each of us must go, and, when the night
Descends, a nameless fear steals in to blight
The precious dreams which memory, lingering, leaves,
And all alone my heart, o'erburdened, grieves.

There is no way, no path that seemeth best;
There is no toil, no task which bringeth rest,
Or lulls to sleep the restless yearning in my heart
For you—always for you—no matter where thou art.
The cup I drink, the cup of countless days, like gall,
I drink alone, though somewhere you may call.

There seems to be no blessings that may come,
No answered prayer from eager lips, half dumb
With longing for the soft caress
Of your dear lips, that always soothe and bless;
The days are empty, and the nights are drear,
Because my aching arms doth never find you, Dear.

There are no conquests, tho' with victory bought,
There are no bonds within time's forges wrought,
There is no stretch of slowly drifting years,
No dreamless sleep, no wash of bitter tears,
That compensates for all the need of you,
Or mixes nectar with life's cup of rue.

THE LAND OF REGRET.

There's a land somewhere that we never forget,
 Through the toil and heat of the years,
And the name of this land is the Land of Regret,
 Through which flows the River of Tears.

All the hunger we've felt, all the sorrow we've known,
 All the longing, the heart-aches and pain,
All the bloom and the blight of the past we have sown,
 All the prayers we have uttered in vain.

In the Land of Regret, we watch and we wait
 For the sight of a sail in the west,
But bloom turns to blight, as day does to night,
 And we nurse the dull ache in the breast.

In the Land of Regret, we can never forget,
 And our hearts never cease to complain;
But God sends the tears through the slow drifting years,
 Like the fall of the dew and the rain.



IF YOU'D STAYED.

How I miss you every day
 Since you went away from me,
Miss you more than words can say;
 Just as lonesome as can be
Or lonesomer—p'raps, who knows?
 When the dewdrops kiss the rose,
And the crickets in the grass
 Chirrup! so sassy, goodness knows!

How I miss you when I come
 Home at night and find you gone,
Always makes the hot tears come;
 And, again, at early dawn,
Guess it's then I miss you some;
 No "Good mornin'" kiss for mine,
While a pair of arms slip up
 'Round my neck and blue eyes shine.

Here's your book of Riley rhymes,
 Soiled and thumbmarked; here a tear
Where you've turned a thousand times,
 Saying, "Daddy, read The Bear"
Or "The Squirt Gun Uncle Made,"
 Or "The Circus Day Parade."
Oh! I'd read them o'er and o'er,
 Little boy, if you had stayed.

LITTLE FRIEND.

Tangled curls and big brown eyes,
 Innocent, yet worldly wise;
God's own smile upon your lips,
 Happy to your finger-tips;
Skies would never be so blue,
 Only for such tots as you.

Little man of winning grace,
 Love and laughter in your face;
Baby speech and toddling feet,
 Words half spoken, shy and sweet;
Little friend, so staunch and true,
 God is good to me, and you.

Summer flowers bloom and blow
 O'er the way your feet must go;
'Till the years stretch out, afar,
 Where the hills of manhood are;
And let's hope that God will be
 Always good to you and me.



FIDDLER, WHAT DO WE PAY?

Out where the white lights gleam and glare,
 Out where the great throngs pass,
Out where the Devil has set his snare
 Deep in the brimming glass—
There where we dance till the break of day.
 Oh, Fiddler, what do we pay?

What is your toll for the time you spend,
 And the rollicking music you make?
What do you charge at a short life's end
 For the thousands of hearts you break?
What will you claim, in the dawn, cold gray?
 Oh, Fiddler, what must we pay?

Is it the best which life has kept
 Out of its garnered youth,
Watered by tears sad eyes have wept
 To blind us against the truth?
Will you take all we have prayed for? Say,
 Oh, Fiddler, what shall we pay?

Hands that reach out to the twilight west,
 Lips that are numb with pain;
Ashes of hope, that was life's own best,
 Tears like the falling rain.
Death, we wait in the dawn, cold gray.
 Oh, Fiddler, come take your pay.

DESERT SONG.

The hot sun beats on the desert sands,
 An eagle drifts in the azure sky,
Far from his nest in foreign lands,
 Where the snow-capped peaks repeat his cry.
The red sun gleams and the camels whine.
 My arms are empty—oh, Love of mine!

Darkness at last; the white stars glow.
The Garden of Allah, how still and wide;
Each star a memory of long ago,
E'er life was weary and hope had died.
How dear would the Garden of Allah be,
If you were watching the stars with me.

Kneeling, I pray till the purple dawn
 Bathes the east in her misty light;
Till restless night her tents has drawn,
 And chased the stars from their dizzy height.
Still the red sun gleams, and the camels whine!
 My arms are empty—oh, Love of mine!



THE CUP OF TIME.

The wine of life grows stale, within the cup of time.
We count, with dimmed eyes, the milestones as they pass;
Each day seems like a sluggard loitering on the way,
While the sands slip slowly through the clouded glass.
We raise the cup and drink, though naught is left but dregs.
Ah, well! Why not? What boots it, to him who only begs?

The first full draught we took, when pulsing life was young,
Filled youth's hot veins with fire and brought the golden light
Of God's own glory; but too soon its mystic magic died,
Leaving only hunger, and the heavy gloom of night.
Alas! Youth always holds the brimming cup too long,
For soon or late our comrades tire of jest and song.

Just like a ship that labours upon a hell-black sea,
Where angry breakers crush it until its timbers groan,
We see a light, and, listening, hear a faint call in the dark.
A moment's hope; then silence—and we pass on alone.
A harbor light, far-reaching, a boom of signal gun.
Another wreck! God pity!—a battle lost or won.

The sages say that God is wise, and good, and full of love,
That He will note, with mercy, the crippled sparrow's fall;
They say that somewhere far beyond the misty mountain tops,
Is rest and sweet forgetfulness; that death don't end it all.
Somewhere, they say—far, far beyond the sunset's purple glow—
We shall forget, in dreamless sleep, the sorrows that we know.

But what have they to guide them, except their flimsy faith,
Which leaves no word or sign post beyond the silent grave.
We swing, like little children, always on Death's loose gate,
While the barren years refuse us the crumbs of joy we crave;
But we must drink the cup of life down to the bitter dregs.
Ah, well! Why not, what boots it to him who only begs?



WHEN I'M A MAN LIKE DAD.

''Boys will be boys,'' ma says; an' 'en
She ''shoos'' her aprun at the ole black hen
At comes er boverin' roun' an' in the way,
An' has to be skeert out most every day;
Ma says she's 'ist 'bout as worrisome as boys
Only she 'ist don't make such orful noise.
She says—ma does—'at boys air worser'n gurls
'Cause gurls is always bizzy makin' curls
Upon they heads, an' ruffles on they clo's;
An' other foolishness, but, gee! I knows
'At they air not so awful good—
Cause I don't dast do things et sister would.

'Cause sister she will say, ''Tom did''
When ma says, ''Susie, who tuck off this lid
Off'en the jam jar''—smilin' jest as sweet;
I wouldn't be thet big'er coward if I'd eat
Es much es her; but then gurls will be gurls—
They caint tell stories with them purty curls.
Gee! but I hate er coward; say, don't you?
En the times I've got 'er lickin' ain't no few
'Cause I jumped on fellers bigger'n me
Who walloped me until I couldn't see
Fer dirt and dust 'at wus packed in my eyes;
But when you slap a gurl, why, she 'ist cries,

An' says, ''You mean old thing, you horrid wretch,''
An' nen she runs so fast you couldn't ketch
Her, en tells all sorts uv tales to ma,
An' nen at nite ma tells 'em all to pa,
An' pa he 'ist sets an' smokes an' thinks,
An' gives his big gray eyes sum awful winks—
An' nen he says, '' 'Fore you have said your prayers
I want to see you, son, upstairs.''
An' nen I know, by jinks, there'll be sum fun,
'Cause it's a cinch, when Pa he calls me son;
But shucks! 'tain't no use to beg er kick,
Fer I wouldn't be like sis en play off sick.

But you 'ist wait 'till I'm a grate big man
An' have a lot uv kids—you bet I'll tan
Their little hides, when I cum home frum town;
You bet'cher boots, till they 'ist caint set down;
An' make 'em go to bed 'fore it is nite,
Yes, sir; right in the dark 'thout nairy a lite.
An' when they ma says, ''Pa, please don't,'' an' 'gins
to cry,
I'll frown an say, ''Who's runnin' this joint, you
or I?''
An' nen I'll read a while an' maybe go
Off uptown; to see a picture show;
You bet'cher! them's the stunts I'll pull when I am
grown
An' have a dozen children uv my own.



A FLOWER FOR MOTHER.

(Dedicated to Mother's Day.)

Boys, you've got a mother who awaits somewhere today.
Her toil-worn hands are weary, those hands you often miss.
Maybe she's watching for you in a cottage far away,
Or maybe she is waiting, in a better land than this.
So, boys, just wear a flower, for dear old mother's sake,
For she never will forsake you, no matter what the stake.

Remember, boys, how often in the days that used to be,
She cured the childish heartaches and sorrows that you knew,
And now she's sadly watching, through eyes that dimly see,
For a glimpse at memory's picture which her dear love paints of you.
So, boys, in sacred memory of that dear old snowy head:
A red rose if she's living; a white one if she's dead.

The world is big and noisy, and the pace is fast and hot.
You have gotten cold and careless and hardened in the mill;
But your mother—she is praying, and she forgets you not,
For to her (and Heaven bless her) you are just her baby still.
So, boys, remember mother, no matter where she be,
The red rose for affection; the white for memory.

TOIL AND REST.

Sometimes the day's long toil
Seems naught; the way seems bright,
For through the travail and turmoil
The memory of night,
With soft, cool shadows, and the dew,
Steals over me; and once again
Just love, and rest—and You.

And then I want you so!
And seek to find
You in the surging traffic, to and fro;
Sometimes my busy mind
Grows weary with the pain,
And then my tired eyes get blind
With burning tears again.



WHEN THE WELL RUNS DRY.

There is something that's uncanny in our greed for gold,
And youth has fleeting fancies that are vain;
But dim eyes oft see visions, when the heart grows old,
While hands reach out, in darkness, for life's joys again.
We can't recall the pleasures which our youth passed by,
For "we never miss the water 'till the well runs dry."

We never miss the flowers 'till the white snows fall
Upon their velvet petals as they fade and die;
We never miss the sunshine 'till the darkness covers all,
And the stars gleam like diamonds in the twilight sky.
Our hungry hearts so seldom have that for which they sigh,
And "we never miss the water 'till the well runs dry."

We never miss our loved ones 'till the hand of Death
Shuts, with icy fingers, the eyes so full of pain;
We would give all worldly treasures to recall one fleeting breath,
But a silent mound out yonder is all our earthly gain.
We can only plead, like children, to the Throne on High,
For "we never miss the water 'till the well runs dry."

HOPES.

Sometimes the day seems long and drear,
And the way so rough and steep;
And the night brings not on its silken wings
The wonderful balm of sleep.

Sometimes life's toil seems fruitless,
And my tired eyes fill with tears,
As truant memory strays, again,
Back o'er the stretch of years.

For the day oft leaves, with the waking night,
The touch of a deep regret;
And the words we say, as we kneel to pray,
Are the hopes that we can't forget.



SECUNDUM ARTEM.

Like the flashing of a sunbeam o'er the rosy cheek of day,
Like the fading of the sunset from the cloud-isles of the west,
Like the shooting of a meteor, downward, through the milky way,
Is the passing of man's body to its everlasting rest.

Just a little day of laughter, just a little night of tears,
Just a gleam of joy or sorrow from the mirrored face of time,
Just a pathway through the darkness, bordered by life's hopes and fears,
'Till it leads us to the swinging gates of eternity sublime.

Like a white-winged bird at evening, drifting close above the wave
For a moment, then drops downward to the waters, blue and deep;
So, man lingers, for a little while, above the open grave,
Then his eyelids close forever in death's long and dreamless sleep.

THE FINISHED DAY.

Morning!
And the welcome burst of azure dawn,
Spreading across the waiting earth and sky;
Soft, restless winds that fan the silent trees
And breathe upon the sleeping flowers—and sigh—
Morning! And the eagerness
Of life and love that always seem to bless.

Noon;
And the Half-Way house of Life,
Where, in the glare of blinding, beating sun
We find a precious moment of respite
To help us fight until the day is done.
Life's ripest fruit hangs low beside the way,
If we but find it e'er the close of day.

Night!
And the far, distant gleam
Of stars that shine upon the ending day,
Tired, empty hands clasped close in mute distress,
Lips, dumb with pain too long to even pray—
Night! And the mockery of a voice we knew
When first the sunbeams kissed the sparkling dew.



IN VAIN.

Alone tonight! Although a thousand faces
 Look into mine, along the busy street,
While still I search, in all deserted places,
 For a dear face I know I shall not meet.

Alone tonight! Now that the day is over,
 There seems to be no quiet place to rest,
Altho the bee is home from fields of clover,
 Altho the night-bird finds a comrade breast.

Alone tonight! The moonlight, softly falling,
 Lights up a path my wandering feet would go,
Where, in my dreams, I hear your dear voice calling,
 And where you sit within the fire's red glow.

Alone tonight! I wonder if my yearning
 Reaches your heart, through all the miles of space?
And if your eyes with lonely tears are burning,
 Like those that find their way across my face?

Alone tonight! So very tired and lonely,
 My whole life barren for the want of you.
Of all the world, my Dear, needing you only,
 Would you be coming if you only knew?

OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST.

Old friends are best!
 Old forms, old hearts, old faces
That haunt the memory of the passing years,
 And seem to dwell among deserted places,
Reproving us for all our nameless fears.

Old friends are best!
 The roses softly blowing
Close by the door, they always seem to say:
 "Old friends are best," altho' we're never knowing
Where they are fareing at the close of day.

Old friends are best!
 Somehow the memory clinging
Brings back the faces that we used to know,
 And in the winter of the heart is ringing
The songs we loved so many years ago.

Old friends are best!
 When autumn twilight falling
Brings respite from the daily toil and care,
 I seem to hear their vibrant voices calling,
 Although I know—I know they are not there.



HOME.

Home is where your precious face is always smiling, Dear;
Oh! give me not a palace; I'd rather starve and roam,
Although the day is weary and the night is dark and drear,
For, without your smile to greet me, it never could be home.

Home is where the hearth is gleaming around your busy feet,
Where four walls are repeating the music of your voice;
And, oh! it's blessed Heaven, when my hurried step you greet,
While your eager kiss of welcome makes my hungry heart rejoice.

Home is where your arms are waiting, open wide to let me in;
Oh! I'd rather be an alien than to have all else but this;
And the big front gates of Heaven open when your smiles begin,
While my cup of joy runs over with the nectar of your kiss.

Home! Ah! what a glorious picture, with you standing in the door,
Sunset skies beneath your lashes, and the twilight in your hair;
Ah! I love you, Sweet, I love you as I never loved before,
And I dream of dear old mother as I see you standing there.

WISDOM.

God is so wise, He knoweth what is best,
Though we poor beggars never see the right;
He knows we ne'er would lean upon His breast
If He should always give us guiding light.

He knows that we would never pray to Him,
We who are proud, and foolish, and unjust;
The cup of Life—we'd drink it to the brim;
The loaf of bread—we'd eat it to the crust—

Unless He pierced our hearts with some sharp pain,
And filled our eyes with tears that burn like fire;
Unless He balanced loss against our gain,
And measured to us, as our needs require.



IF YOU KNEW.

There's a song in my heart that is singing and ringing,
 Ever a song that is happy and true;
A song that joy to the long day is bringing,
 It's a song which my heart is singing to you;
Ah! I wonder if you
 Would be singing it, too,
If you knew—if you knew?

There's a prayer in my heart, my lips are repeating,
 When the rose bends low to the kiss of the dew;
And the nightingale warbles its beautiful greeting;
 It's a prayer I am saying to Heaven of you.
In the dusk and the dew,
 Would you pray for me, too,
If you knew—if you knew?

There's a place in my arms that will always be waiting,
 A home for your heart, close, close to my breast;
And I'm wanting you so, for the birds are all mating,
 Oh! why don't you come, and let's mate with the rest?
While the song birds are mating,
 Would you come without waiting
If you knew—if you knew?

LIFE'S END.

The fight is done!
 Please let me quietly lie
Here, all alone; and rest,
 For I am weary! Do not try
To waken me. It is not best.

Leave me alone!
 Deaf to the censure,
Blind to the cold disdain,
 Which some unfriendly face
Might bear. 'Twould cause me pain.

The fight is o'er!
 I may have failed to learn
The truer lessons life doth teach
 In my long quest for charity,
Which always lay beyond my reach.

I might have been
 A better soldier; might have won
A cross of glory; held the hand of Fame;
 But I am glad, for many a man
Has kindly called my name.



JUST FOR YOU.

I am waiting for you, Sweetheart, while the fire-flies
fill the air;
I am listening, Dearie, listening, for your footsteps
everywhere;
I am waiting while the twilight come a-creeping from
the west,
And the night-bird whispers softly to the red rose at
its breast.

I have waited, watched and wondered, with a hungry,
hungry heart,
And each rustling leaf around me makes my eager
pulses start;
I am hungry for your kisses, and your laughing eyes
of blue,
Hungry for your arms around me—hungry, hungry, just
for you.

I am lonesome, Dearie, lonesome. If you only could but
know
How I miss you in the evening, when the lights burn
dim and low;
Seems to me you'd be returning to your dollies and
to me,
Begging for the "Old Fox" stories as you sit upon my
knee.

WHEN YOU COME BACK.

When you're away—
I seem to miss you lots of ways
That I can't tell. The wind that plays
Among the branches, where the robins sing,
It seems to say:
"We miss her, don't we, more than anything?"

When you're away—
The clouds get mixed together so,
With all the sunshine, don't you know?
And then at night a katy-did
Outside my window seems to say,
"It's lonesome, and we miss the kid."

When you come back—
We all will say "Hello!" to you;
The flowers will nod you "Howdy do!"
The crickets hiding in the grass
(You cannot see them, 'cause they're black)
Will greet you gladly as you pass.



THE RIVER OF CHANCE.

When my soul goes out on the sea of thought
 To view the wreck which Fate has wrought;
When I watch the drift on the River of Chance,
 The fiddler plays while we dream and dance;
The curtains rise and the curtains fall,
 But no actor comes to the second call.

When the day has died and the night is born,
 And the rose leaves fall from the hidden thorn;
When summer wanes and the leaves, so deep,
 Cover the graves where the dead all sleep;
Wet eyes look up where pale stars gleam,
 And chill lips pray for an old dead dream.

Out on the sea of a barren past,
 Lashed, alone, to the broken mast
Of vain endeavor and wasted years,
 Drinking the brine of their salty tears,
Until you come, after hope had died,
 And pilot me safe through the rolling tide.

Though you loved me less, I love you more
 Than I ever loved or felt before,
And the blood that flows through my veins like fire,
 Feeds the flame of a sweet desire;
Keeps alive the thoughts that thrill,
 And the wonderful hope time cannot kill.

You brought to life all the good and true,
 While my heart bows low at the feet of you,
Who found me deep in dark despair,
 Smiled and lifted me up from there;
Smiled and made all the wrong seem right,
 'Till I went, with a song, back into the fight.

If your love should die, I would love you yet,
 Though my heart would ache with a sad regret,
For a heart that loves as my heart loves you
 Never fails, forgets or proves untrue;
For I love you more than the most you know,
 And my love shall live though my feet may go

To the fartherest corner of earth some day;
 And these thankful lips shall always pray
That Fate may give to your part the best,
 And turn all pain from your tender breast;
And if some day God gives me you,
 I will know that Heaven is really true.



TILL BREAK O' DAY.

Trudging along o'er the pathway of life, singing a song,
Hoping and trusting and smiling a bit when things are wrong;
Catching the scent of the fragrant perfume
Off the roses that nod as they bloom
Close by the way, where I'm trudging each day;
Lonely! perhaps, but humming a song—plodding along.

Roses, you know, don't bloom every day; often the sky
Changes from blue to a dull ashen gray; often we sigh
When we are weary of bearing the load,
Toiling along o'er the white dusty road;
Sometimes it snows, and the winter wind blows;
But in the gleam of the fire we will dream of spring—by and by.

Often we reach out our hands, just to help someone along,
Over a place that is hilly and rough—stopping our song;
But it is worth all the time that we lost,
Worth the delay and struggle it cost,
For just their smile will shorten each mile,
And the memory will help us along—just like a song.

Though we may wander with gypsying feet off of the way;
Though we may hunt for the old road again, day after day;
If we will whistle a tune in the night,
Some wayside inn will gleam glad and bright,
Shelter and rest, while a star in the west
Gleams as we smile, in the midst of our dreams, 'till break o' day.

MY DREAM PIPE.

Deep in the gloaming I sit tonight,
Watching the firelight gleams
Dancing around me in wanton flight—
Smoking my Pipe of Dreams.

Memories! Ah, how they come and go,
Woven with threads of gold
Into the warp of life; and so
The story of life is told.

Lonely, I sit tonight, and long
Just for your voice; it seems
Like the notes of an olden song—
Smoking my Pipe of Dreams.



THE WAITING SEA.

Let's go down to the sea, my pal, down to the waiting sea,
Where the gray gull cries and the salt spray flies and life is glad and free;
Let's go down where the great ships drift on an ocean of rolling white,
Where the wet winds shift and the tall spars lift their heads to a starless night;
Let's go down from the murky town, down from its vice and sin,
Down to the joy of "A Ship A-Hoy" and the full tide rolling in.

Let's go down to the endless stretch of seaweed-covered shore,
Down where we feel the slick decks reel as the mad waves surge and roar;
Let's go down where the heart can beat with joy that is true and deep,
Down in the night, where the harbor-light its pitiless watch doth keep;
Let's ship out through the open gate of the hungrying sea which lies
Free and far, 'neath the evening star, under the sullen skies.

Why should we stay where the weary day ends in a sleepless night?
Stay where the heart is torn apart by the thought of a losing fight?
Why should we stay when the sea nymphs call, and the big ships glad to go?
What do we gain by our toil and pain? What can we buy with our woe?
What do we find of the things we crave? Even the drear day dies.
Let's go down from the sin-cursed town, down where the salt spray flies.

Let's go down where the north wind stings, and the black decks reel and groan,
Where the damp hair clings and the glad heart sings—out there with God alone.
Sever the ties that bind our hearts to the land where the days are gray;
Close our eyes to the smoke-black skies of a place where they never pray.
Let's ship out to the open sea—out where the salt spray flies,
Where the damp hair clings, and the north wind stings, under the sullen skies.



CROSS ROADS.

Here's to your health, and love, my boy,
 Though the winds be wildly blowing;
We're tramping along o'er life's rough road
 And neither the way is knowing;
We've stuck right close to each other, lad,
 Though the days were often dreary,
And one ne'er reproached the other one,
 Because the one was weary.
So, it's luck to you, and it's love to you,
 Though the sun may not be shining;
And a drink to your health, till we meet, my lad,
 Out, where the woodbine's twining.

Here's to the day we met, my lad,
 On life's highway of sorrow;
Together we've tramped through dust and heat,
 With never a thought for the morrow;
We slept 'neath the stars and drank the health
 Of the moon which hung above us,
With never a care for the old, cold world,
 Or a sigh for one to love us;
So, here's to your luck, with a spark in the cup,
 And a cheer for the gloomy weather;
And a prayer for you, lad, on the dusty road,
 Till we rest in the shade together.

"GUTE NACHT."

"Gute nacht, schlafen-sie-wohl!" Oh, life so young and tender!
 Sweet infant eyes just freshly filled with light;
A mother's arms are gently round thee, clinging;
 A mother's lips doth softly say, "Gute Nacht."

"Schlafen-sie-wohl," dear heart, that knows no sorrow;
 Sweet baby hands that smooth Care's furrowed brow;
Some day thy feet must o'er life's pathway wander.
 Ah! could these arms but hold you then, as now.

Some day, my own, when you have reached the ending
 Of life's rough way, there, in Death's pale twilight,
You then will hear a mother's prayer ascending,
 Saying again, my babe, "Schlafen-sie-wohl, Gute Nacht!"



THE TIMBER LINE.

Beyond the sunset's path of gold upon the river's breast,
Across the sands, where curlews call, in search of home and rest;
Beyond the wharf, beyond the boats that drift upon the wave,
Beyond it all, where stars sink to a coral-coffined grave.

Beyond the town, beyond the wharf, across the muddy stream,
Beyond the noise, the toil and strife, past boats and sunset gleam;
Low, long and black from north to south, where flickering starlights shine,
Stretches the boundary of our dreams—the far-off Timber Line.

Ah, who can say what lies beyond its twilight-tinted rim?
Or who can know where paths may lead, beyond its shadows dim?
A whisper tells me God is there, at each long day's decline,
And faith will guide my wandering feet, beyond the Timber Line.

A MAN'S A MAN.

A man's a man, though he may hide
Within a hut of squalor;
The rich cannot, though hard they tried,
Be one small whit the taller.

Though gold may buy rare silks and lace,
And fill the house with splendor,
You'll find much sadness and disgrace
Go with the legal tender.

Though some rich fools may wag their heads,
When a poor beggar passes,
And then seek rest in eider beds,
Still, all the same, they're asses.

God looks upon the naked heart,
And not on silks and laces;
So, when He makes men true, He stamps
His trade-mark on their faces.



WHEN EVENING COMES.

When evening comes!
 When twilight shadows fall,
And all the world, aweary, seems to rest,
 When God spreads silence over all;
'Tis then, Dear Heart, I seem to love you best—
 For as I sit alone, my homeing thoughts are free,
And each one seems a messenger from thee.

When evening comes!
 When all the load of toil
Has slipped my shoulders; when the day is done,
 And I am resting from the loud turmoil,
I do not seem to care whether I lost or won—
 For there seems nothing else that matters much,
Only just you, and your dear face to touch.

When evening comes!
 And I can dimly see
The lights that flicker out across the way;
 When all the pain the day has given me
Is half forgotten and my memories stray—
 'Tis then I feel that you are somewhere near,
To soothe, sustain and comfort me, My Dear.

When evening comes!
 The night which hath no end;
When, all aweary, I shall stop to rest,
 When death's deep shadows with life's sunset blend,
And I shall look my last into the west—
 God give me You; all else the world may keep,
I want your arms around me when I sleep.

DRIFTING CLOUDS.

I miss you so, when summer skies are bending
 Low down to meet the deep blue summer sea,
And the white clouds, ascending and descending,
 Are like your white arms reaching out for me.

I sit alone, sweet memories o'er me stealing,
 Like winged fairies from the turquoise skies,
Hunger again—and always, always longing,
 The skies above, just like your own dear eyes.

I want you, Dear, the twilight shadows falling
 Bring little comfort when you are not near.
Through the black night my heart to you is calling.
 And you—I wonder if you do not hear?



BLACK SHEEP.

Black Sheep, Black Sheep, where have you strayed?
Day after day I have waited in vain,
Night after night I have hungered and prayed;
Yearning to shelter you once again.

Often I dream of the long ago,
When you lisped, on your bended knee,
Your bed-time prayer. Oh! I loved you so,
Your big blue eyes looking up at me.

Long ago! Ah! the truant years
Pass and leave us with grief untold,
Cheeks that burn with salty tears,
Gray hairs mixed with burnished gold.

Black Sheep, Black Sheep, lonely I wait,
Asking the Father to lead you home;
Old and gray, by the garden gate—
Oh, my Black Sheep! Where do you roam?

Could I but hold you again tonight,
A blue-eyed babe, to my aching breast,
All of life's wrongs would then be right,
But, Little Black Sheep, God knoweth best.

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES.

(Song)

Often when tired of the toil and the heat,
Truant, my memory strays
Like a wild gypsy with wandering feet,
Back to the summer-time days.
Back to the hills of the long buried past,
There where the days were too sweet to last.

Chorus:

Old-fashioned roses! Old-fashioned roses!
Buds that are filled with the sunshine of June:
Memories of days when life was in tune,
Leaves that are withered, hopes that are dead,
Nothing is left but roses so red:
Old-fashioned roses!

Often I see, through the grey mist of years,
The face of a mother I love;
A face made sweet by the wash of life's tears,
As pure as the heavens above:
I see her, again, as I used to of yore,
Where the truant red roses climbed over the door.



THE HEART THAT DIED.

Sometimes, sweetheart, when in the future years
 The love and trust of other hearts are thine,
When sunny smiles shall take the place of tears,
 And you shall lean to other arms than mine,
When fortune comes and kneels close by your side,
 Will you forget the heart that starved and died?

When, 'neath the arch of soft blue summer skies,
 Your cheeks are rosy with the wine of life,
And your dear eyes grow dim with tender light,
 Smiling upon a hearthstone free from strife,
Will you remember, in the dusk and dew,
 That, somewhere, I am lonely, just for you?

Will you remember, dear, or will you strive
 To cover memory with forgetfulness,
Though parted by the weary stretch of years?
 If you remember, will you love me less?
Though Fate is cruel and we walk apart,
 Will memory hold me, always, in your heart?

SHIPS THAT PASS.

We met when life was at its noon,
 One day in the summer weather;
Strange, our paths so wide apart,
 Should ever come together;
Strange, that out on the ocean of time,
 Our ships should pass in this sunny clime.

You who tasted of Life's full cup,
 A little of joy and sorrow;
With never a thought for what fate held,
 Never a dream of the morrow—
Both with the yearning we never know,
 Only when Fate has cheated us so.

Me with a touch of the life that clings
 Close, like the old gray mosses,
Looking ahead where the daylight ends,
 And a white sail dips and crosses;
You, hungry for the joy that deep love brings;
 I, for a dear mouth that kisses and clings.

L Envoi:

Soon our ships must pass and part,
 Where the soft twilight is dying,
Each with a pain in each closed heart,
 While the white sea gulls are crying.



VISIONS.

I wusht I wus a grate big man,
 Ist like my pa, you see;
En not a boy en have to drink
 A lot uv syrup en tea.

I wusht thet I could allus go
 En wurk down town, like dad,
En have a little boy at home
 To spank when he 'us bad.

I have my clo's all pressed, you know,
 Down to the pressin' shop;
En 'nen when grocery bills come in,
 I'd say, "It's got to stop."

Thet's what I'd say, rite to my wife,
 But wouldn't mean it, though;
En 'nen I'd pull a roll uv bills,
 En pay 'em up, you know.

It must be grate to be a man,
 En go out wif "The Boys;"
Instead uv bein' just a kid,
 A playin' wif your toys.

WHERE THE RED ROSE SWINGS.

When we tire of the struggle that's weary and long,
 Of the days full of hunger and blight,
When we try hard to smile o'er a half broken song,
 Then pray for the comfort of night.

With its calm and the balm of the breezes that blow,
 From the wonderful isles of the west;
And the fragrant perfume of the roses that grow,
 Where the nightingale watches her nest.

There is sorrow that comes with the flight of our dreams,
 As we watch for our ships to return;
But the wine of our dreams turns to wormwood, it seems,
 While hope on the altar doth burn.

But we wait by the gate, where the red roses swing,
 Or close by the firelight's bright glow,
For the bliss of a kiss which the years used to bring,
 And a joy which youth used to know.



THE DESERT'S EDGE.

Listen, my Love, how oft do I wander
 Here through the sands that shimmer with heat,
Watching the red sun dropping out yonder,
 Sands like live coals, scorching the feet;
Down to its rest,
 In the desert's hot breast—
And I am alone!

Often I dream, in the gray dawn of morning,
 Dream you are sleeping, close by my side,
But I waken with strange restless warning;
 Waken to find that the vision has died—
Waken again
 To hunger and pain—
For I am alone!

Often I feel the touch of your fingers
 Here on my face, like the kiss of the wind,
The breath from your lips like perfume that lingers,
 Lingers to torture with memories unkind.
The wild jackals whine,
 The desert stars shine—
And I am alone!

Listen, oh Love, sometime while we're sleeping,
 Death will close our eyes once for all;
Whether we're laughing, or whether we're weeping,
 Whether Life's cup is nectar or gall—
I ask for the bliss,
 To dream that your kiss
Fastens them down.

WHAT'S THE USE OF SIGHING.

What's the use of sighing when the world looks blue?
 What's the use of crying if the moon don't drop
 for you?
What's the use of complaining,
 Even if it's raining?
Somewhere there are roses smiling through the dew.

What's the use of finding fault with everything?
 Harsh words are remembered by the pain they bring.
Clouds may still be drifting,
 But they'll soon be shifting,
And the swaying robin will begin to sing.

What's the use of growing old and worn and gray?
 Life is but the passing of a fleeting day.
Love and Youth together,
 Through the stormy weather,
Never slip the tether in life's golden May.



THE HARBOR LIGHTS.

I have often dreamed of a summer sea
 Where a snow-white sea gull dips,
Where anchors lie, and white sails fly,
 Stretched taut to the straining ships.
I have often dreamed of a guiding star,
 As I slipped through the curling foam,
With a hungry heart for the harbor-bar
 And the glimmering lights o' home—
The lights o' home, and the wild glad joy
 Of your arms, as you whisper, "I love you, boy."

I have often dreamed of a stormy sea,
 And the hell of a stormy night;
With the sullen roar on the distant shore,
 And the gleam of the harbor light,
As I fought the teeth of the howling gale,
 And the clutch of the angry sea;
Till my ship slipped in, again, to find
 Your lips to welcome me—
Your rose-red lips, and the lingering touch
 Of those beautiful hands I love so much.

L:Envoi!

I dream of the sea and I dream of home,
 And the wine of your rose-red lips;
And my heart grows hungry—as far a roam—
 For the touch of your finger tips.

DUTY.

We struggle on, and blindly try to tie
 The broken threads of each unfinished day;
Forcing a smile, though everything goes wrong,
 And in the darkness humbly try to pray.
We drop the curtain on each taken task.
 Just rest, and twilight—this is all we ask.

Each roseate dawn of every perfect morn
 Brings hopes and joys which never come to pass,
So, in the grayness of each sunset hour,
 We smile again and drain the half-filled glass.
Perchance the draught was sweet with morning's dew,
 But at the twilight, it is filled with rue.

God make us brave and steel our hearts to bear
 Each thrust of sorrow, be it right or wrong,
For if we wait, we know, some time, somewhere,
 The whole of life will end in perfect song.
We know that somewhere, out beyond life's gates,
 Is peace forever, and the Master waits!



A FLOWER FOR FATHER.

(Dedicated to Father's Day.)

The bards have written verses of our mothers, old and gray,
Who sadly watched and waited, in a cottage far away;
But we hear no praises ringing for the dear old Dad we knew,
In life's glorious sun-kissed morning, when skies were bright and blue.

There's a father who has loved you, maybe, better than you know,
Who has toiled and struggled for you, till his steps are weak and slow;
All the best which hope has promised, all the glory and the pain,
Fades with life's effulgent sunset, and he dreams of youth again.

You may still, with joy, remember dear old mother's fond caress,
She whose arms were always open, she whose lips spoke but to bless;
But, boys, don't forget your father, though his hands were big and rough,
For the best he always gave you, and he thought it not enough.

Wear a flower for your Father as you do for Mother, dear;
For he loves you where you wander, though his prayers you do not hear;
On his brow, once fair and handsome, snows of Time are drifting fast,
And, remember, boys, you'll miss him, when he's crossed the Bar at last.



THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the day after Christmas, and all through the house
There wasn't room for a thing, not even a mouse.
The floor was a wreck of toys, it was plain,
Piled up, like men on the field of the slain.
There were toy pistols, skyrockets, and a torpedo boat
With a smokestack of yellow and drawn by a goat;
A train with its load of lions, tigers and things,
And a hundred more trinkets which Santa Claus brings.

A doll with her head crushed under a train,
But a smile on her face showed she died without pain;
An automobile with wheels painted green
Had collided, head-end, with a flying machine;
A gilded fire engine had run into a hack,
And the cabby and fireman each lay prone on his back.
There were books sadly torn, a gun badly broke,
And of firecrackers, nothing was left but the smoke.

L' Envoi—

The wreck was complete, but, oh, the wild joy
Of a battle like this, in the life of a boy.

THE DREAM THAT KEEPS.

Some day, Dear Heart, you'll miss me;
Some day you'll yearn to lie
Close in my arms and kiss me;
A kiss, a smile, a sigh.
Some day you'll sigh to stray, I know,
Back where you left me, long ago.

Some day you will be dreaming
With heart that ever weeps;
The day will not return, Dear,
It's just the dream that keeps.
Our empty arms reach out to hold
'Till eyes are dim, and hands are old.

One day, why did you say, Dear,
The things that hurt me so?
With faith you should have filled it
Before you let it go.
You should have held me, Dear, that's all—
The day is gone beyond recall.



THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Ah! The Old Year, leave it, softly, as we leave the
silent Dead,
With the altar candles burning at the foot and at the
head;
Leave behind us all the sorrow that the hungry years
have known,
Leave the harvest of our failures, that our wayward
hands have sown;
Let us smile with mute thanksgiving, though our wan-
dering feet have strayed
To the devious paths of folly, and we learned the
Devil's trade.
For the God who gave us being, showed his mercy
year by year,
And the dark by-paths before us are the ones that we
should fear.

And the New Year, greet it gently, as you would a
child new-born,
For the beacon-light of Heaven greets the birth of
every morn;
Out before us lies the future, with its mysteries
untold,
And each day must show our footprints, 'ere the sun-
set turns to gold.
Let us take the path of duty, with a laugh upon our
lips,
Let us smile upon our comrades as we launch our
straining ships;
For the God who gave us being, brings the ebbing of
the tide,
And the voice of Life sings sweetly to the heart that's
satisfied.



THE LOG OF THE DeSOTO.

It was a jolly lot o' tars who grandly sailed away
Aboard the ship DeSoto one balmy summer day,
Out o'er the yellow waters of the Gulf of Mexico,
A black flag whipping in the breeze, the sails spread taut and low.
Oh, let the south winds blow, my lads!
Ahoy! Heave ho, heave ho!

Big Captain Mike, as brave a man as ever took a wheel,
And a crew of sturdy seamen with sinews made of steel;
Our anchors raised and swinging, clean decks from stem to stern,
We watched the land receding, where the white lights love to burn.
Oh, let the lights burn bright tonight.
Heave ho, my lads, heave ho!

Around the cabin table, with pipe and mug and ale,
We jolly tars would gather, when night winds filled the sail,
And many a weird battle was fought again, with pride,
While moonbeams spread their silvery light across the swelling tide.
A dream, again, of love and war,
Heave ho, my lads, heave ho!

And as the good ship drifted, with sails like sea gulls white,
We dreamed of home and loved ones beneath the pale starlight,
And many a strong lip quivered with many a still-born sigh,
And many a heart beat fast again, to hear the battle cry.
Oh, back again, where lights are white,
Ahoy! Heave ho, heave ho!



AWEARY.

I am so tired! My Dear, please let me lay
 My aching head, a moment, on your breast;
Just as a child, aweary of its play,
 Comes to its mother, hungering for rest.

Put your dear arms around me, let me feel
 Your precious fingers stealing through my hair;
Life is so hard, sometimes, hard and unreal;
 And the world is lonely if you are not there.

The day is done! Sweet memories come to me.
 The birds have gone to rest, the shadows gray
Fall like a kindly mantle, and I see
 The golden glory of the dying day.

Yes, I am tired, and you are all I crave.
 Just let me look into your eyes of blue,
Stoop down and let me kiss you. Heaven gave
 Me all I've prayed for—when It gave me You.

Let me be still, close to your beating heart,
 Dumb with my gladness; let my eager hands
Steal o'er your face and neck—Love's gentle art—
 And feel you tremble at dear love's demands.

Yes, kiss me, Dearest; let your moist lips cling
 Close to my own, in silent wordless bliss.
It is your love that makes my tired heart sing;
 There is no life, Sweetheart, but You and this.

DUSK.

The tinkling bells within the distant fold,
 The paling west, the dusk and falling dew;
The growing darkness o'er the crimson sky,
 The hush of night, the Roses and the Rue.

God over all—The mystery of life,
 The folding pages of the book on high;
The waving grain within the twilight deep,
 The moss-grown elms where gentle breezes sigh.

The vibrant stillness of the twilight hour;
 The creeping shadows and the faint Curfew;
Tired arms, and burning eyes, and hungry heart;
 Silence and night, and you, Dear Heart, just you.
hands, as in the soft twilight dear, eager lips from other



IRISH BABY DAY.

Begorry! Miz Mahoney an phat is this ye say?
We're goin to hev a circus called Irish Baby Day?
The young wans, an the auld wans, the fat wans an the lean;
The He wans, and the She wans a wearin av the green;
All dressed up fit fer killin in their frills an furbelows,
Scrubbed and rubbed until their cheeks air red as any rose;
An phat will dear auld Patrick be'ya thinkin, when I say
"Hurrah! fer Dear Auld Ireland an Irish Baby Day."

There's little Tim O'Flannery an little Nan O'Shea,
The darlint little orphants whose dads was lost at sea;
There's little Mag O'Malley the joy av Harlem Flat,
With eyes as blue as summer skies—an who niver wore a hat;
There's big Boss Bill O'Brien an his yeller headed crew,
An O'Grady with his outfit as thick as Irish stew;
An there's poor auld missus Murphy with a dozen more—Oh say,
Its hurrah! fer Dear Auld Ireland an Irish baby day.

Its a long way back to Ireland where the blissed shamrocks grow,
Its a rocky road to Dublin;; an I niver spect to go
Where my dear auld mither's schlapin beneath the Irish sod,
An they're callin av it Hiven jest because its close to God;
Its a long way to Killarney where hearts are tried an true,
Where angels pin the skies back just to let the sunshine through,
But we'll crush the voice av sorrow, an we'll wipe the tears away,
An give three cheers for Ireland and Irish Baby Day.

A TOAST.

Some laugh, and drink from the flowing bowl,
But soon or late they must pay the toll;
Some steep their brain in the sparkling wine,
But the vintage of Love for mine, for mine.
Ah! give me the chalice of ruby lips,
Which maddens the soul with the nectar that drips
From its rosebud rim. Ah! this is the best
Of life, and the world may have the rest.



YOUR ROLLICKING EYES.

I wonder, sometimes, as I look into
 Your beautiful rouguish eyes,
If the story they're telling is really true,
 Or if they are telling lies?
So I close my own and dream, Ma-chere,
 That the story is sweet and true,
And, oh, it seems that the joy of my dreams
 Must surely be thrilling you,
And again to the land of dreams I stray,
 As I hear you laugh in your rollicking way.

The way is long, and the road is rough,
 To the mystical land of hope,
And hearts oft ache as the road we take,
 While we hungrily, blindly grope
In the silent dark, for the friendly clasp
 Of a hand that is warm and true;
And the red rose sleeps in the arms of night,
 As lips take their cup of rue;
But still I see, as the gray day dies,
 The sunshine that lurks in your beautiful eyes.

Oh, you haunt me so, as the days slip by,
 Each freighted with hopes anew,
And the best of me seems the part that's free
 To wander in dreams with you;
Perhaps you forget, as each day dies,
 The things you have said to me;
But your laugh still rings o'er my heart's taut strings,
 As the blue of your eyes I see;
And oh, can't you guess how I miss your touch,
 And the joy of your laugh that I love so much?

THE HEIGHTS OF LOVE.

"What strive you for?" a plodding pilgrim asked ..
 Of him who traveled onward by his side;
"For yonder heights where all God's glory lies;
 For Heaven I strive," the other one replied.

"What strive you for?" the pilgrim asked again
 Of one who sat beside the road alone.
"I strive for wealth and honor," he replied;
 "Ah! that I might for wasted years atone."

And then said he, who had these questions asked:
 "Oh, weary hearts on which life's shadows fall
So dark and deep; if you had only striven
 For Love alone you would have known it all."



LOVE'S SEASONS.

The Spring-time of love is a wonderful time,
With its promise of hope so new;
Laughter and kisses, and star-lit nights,
'Neath roses and falling dew;
Love hath a Spring-time, but, ah, who knows
How many heartaches are in the rose?

The Summer of love is a wonderful time,
With its passion so wild and deep,
'Neath the burning glow of the summer skies,
And the vows our hearts must keep;
Love hath a Summer—but who can guess
All of the hunger and loneliness?

The Autumn of love is a wonderful time,
With its harvest of ripened bliss,
The golden desert of waving fields,
The wine of a ripened kiss;
Love hath an Autumn—but 'neath its skies
Maybe sorrow and sadness lies.

The Winter of love is a wonderful time,
'Tis the end of the heart's desire,
And love is safe from the biting blasts
In the glow of an open fire;
Love hath its winter—but, ah, who cares
If Love's hand caresses our whitening hairs?

WE DO NOT CARE.

We do not care what the world may say,
If those whom we love are true;
We do not mind the toil of the day,
If we know in the dusk and dew
Some one is waiting to welcome us—
A home where the heart can rest—
Some one who whispers, "Dear Heart, I know
That today you have done your best."

For the heart don't care what the world may say,
If those whom it loves are true;
For it is ever, and always, the heart's own way,
Too long for the love and rue.
We forget the gain, or the loss, and its pain,
That tortures our aching breast,
If there's one to whisper, in sweet blind faith,
"I know you have done your best."



FROM THE STARS TO YOU.

"Somewhere beneath the stars there is something that you alone were meant to do. Never rest until you have found out what it is!"

—John Brashear, in American Magazine.

Beneath the stars that are always gleaming,
Under the skies that are ever blue;
Long days of toil, or nights of dreaming,
There is ever something for us to do;
There is never a day but is ever teaching
A silent lesson, for good or bad;
Always a heart-throb ever reaching
Somewhere a heart that is grieving or glad.

Somewhere beneath all the silent glory
Of each golden day, or star-lit night,
It is ever and ever the same old story—
Always a battle which we must fight;
Always a breast that is numb with aching,
Ever a tear we must wipe away;
Somewhere a heart that is starved and breaking,
Always a debt that is ours to pay.

Maybe today, or maybe tomorrow.
Maybe in months, or maybe in years,
Something will call us—Woe, want or sorrow;
Hearts that are burdened, eyes dimmed by tears—
But just as sure as the rain, and its falling,
And just as sure as the day follows night,
Sometime a voice unto us will be calling,
Sometime a battle which our souls must fight.

Though we grow footsore, heartsick and weary,
Praying in vain for the balm of the night;
Though days are long days lonely and dreary,
There is a battle which our souls must fight—
Somewhere beneath the stars that are gleaming,
Somewhere beneath the heavens of blue.
Waste not the days in planning and dreaming,
There is a task which our hands must do.



THE LITTLE STONE DOG.

Your little stone dog sits up on the shelf,
 All tied with a woolen string;
A faraway look on his dirty pug face,
 Tho' he answers me never a thing.
I whistle and coax but he doesn't come down,
 And his tail doesn't wag when I call.
I wonder whose voice he is waiting to hear,
 And a pat on the head, after all?

Your little worn shoes lie under the bed,
 Your rocking-chair sits by the door;
Your dolly, with hair so tangled and red,
 Has fallen asleep on the floor;
A little white nightie hangs on its nail,
 Where you put it for mother, each day;
The clock has stopped, because it is tired
 Of ticking while you are away.

I miss you, I miss you! and sometimes I hear
 Your pit-a-pat footsteps again.
Ah! if I might take you once more on my knee,
 I'd forget all the sorrow and pain
Of the years that have passed, with memories dear,
 Of the days with their bloom and their blight,
If my arms could but hold you, my ears only hear
 You whisper, "Dear Daddy, good night."

WHEN THE FIRELIGHT DIES.

When the light dies out of the western sky,
And the cool night breeze through the branches sigh,
The fireflies dance o'er the silent bay,
And the sea gulls dip in the offing spray.

'Tis then, sometimes, that I seem to long
For the nameless thrill of an old dead song,
And my tired eyes burn with the tears they hold,
While the white clouds change to hills of gold.

It is then my arms reach out in vain,
Hungry to hold you close again,
While a prayer lies, dumb, on my lips at last,
And my eyes turn back to the long-lost past.

But the sunset fades, and the night winds croon,
And the best of life is gone, too soon;
The heart grows old, as the firelight dies,
While the red glow fades from the western skies.



THE LITTLE WHITE HEARSE.

You would ask of him if the way seemed long,
 Oh, heart, that doth miss him so!
You weep as you croon his bedtime song—
 To him who was called to go.
You beg him to say if his heart grew sad,
 If his feet got weary and sore;
But the still, cold lips of the little lad
 Will answer you never more.

You plead, "We miss you so, little boy;"
"Oh! why did you leave us now?"
But he answers not from the land of joy
 As deep 'neath your grief you bow.
He goeth far, for the way is long,
 And your prayers cannot call him back,
And your soul chokes up with a broken song,
 As you follow the little white hack.

You say, "No matter where death may lead,
 No matter where feet may stray,
Tho' eyes are dim and hearts doth bleed,
 We'll follow you all the way."
Ah, yes, 'tis true! You will follow the way,
 Like sheep that go over the hill—
For are we not all the Master's sheep,
 To follow where'er He will?

And, though the time may be long and dim,
 Or maybe so short and soon;
But soon or late, you will follow him
 Out 'neath the still, white moon;
Out o'er the way his little feet went,
 Into the great grey west,
But until then we must be content—
 For the Father He knoweth best.



HEART O' MINE.

What do you say, oh, heart o' mine?
The world is begging the sun to shine,
The road is short to the break o' day,
And its miles and miles out the other way;
Let's go, let's go, where the fields are wide,
With nothing but God on the other side—
Come on, my heart, let's go.

Oh! heart o' mine, you wakened me,
Longing, you said, to be far and free,
Far away from the smoky town,
Free of the burdens that hold us down;
Out where the sunset gates, ajar,
Open to us 'neath the evening star—
I'm ready, oh, heart o' mine.

Ready to take up my waiting pack,
Ready to go and never come back,
Ready to hunt for the gates that stand
Ajar, at the entrance to No-Man's Land,
There where nothing can stop your song,
And life's too short, tho' a whole life long,—
I'm waiting, oh, heart o' mine.

It's a winding road, so the sages say,
To sundown land, from the break o' day,
And the half-way house lies just behind,
I wait, and so if you would be kind
Wake up, and let's be jogging on,
For it won't be long till the day is gone—
Wake up, oh, heart o' mine.

Wake up! wake up! ere the sun has shone,
For you know I can't go out alone,
The fields are calling—I hear them say,
"Come on, come on; it's a great old day."
God waits out there, and God is kind.
With nothing but footsteps to leave behind—
Let's go, oh, heart o' mine.



SOMEWHERE A MOTHER PRAYS.

The very dearest picture that memory paints for me,
Is a picture of my boyhood in the golden days of yore;
And through the mist of drifting years a cottage I can see,
With my dear, old, sainted mother a-standing in the door.

The years have left their footprints on the furrowed cheek of Time,
The days of youth have vanished, and the burden hard to bear;
But God sent down some angels to this world of sin and crime,
And one of them was mother, with the sunshine in her hair.

My memory seems to picture her just as I loved her so,
She was very fair and lovely, like a lily wet with dew;
Her cheeks like summer roses where south winds always blow,
And the light of love and mercy in her eyes so deep and blue.

And always close beside me, no matter where I roam,
I can feel her hovering presence to help me rise and fight;
While often, in my dreaming, I can see the dear old home,
And hear her sweetly singing to the listening ear of night.

If my faith in men should fail me, and my creed should be a snare,
If the hope of Heaven should mock me, and friends should prove untrue;
I know—thank God!—that somewhere, I shall have my mother's prayer,
And that tears of love and longing often dim those eyes of blue.



MY ROSE OF OLD KILLARNEY.

Oh, I get a glimpse o' Heaven lookin' in your eyes of blue,
For it's only you I'm lovin', and I hope your love is true;
If the angels ever find you, they will take you back, I know,
From the sunny land of Ireland where the four-leaf clovers grow,
All the brightest golden sunshine God has woven in your hair,
With the first blush of the morning He has touched your cheeks so rare;
All the azure of the ocean, all the blue of summer skies,
He has mixed with rippling laughter and has poured it in your eyes.

He has taken all the sweetness, which the truant wild bee sips,
From the roses of Killarney, and has spread it on your lips;
He has stolen all the music from the brooklets, as they flow,
Mixed it with the angels' voices for your laughter, sweet and low.
Then He crossed our winding pathways, that had been so far apart,
Until now, you are an angel in the Heaven of my heart.
So be kind, and love me, Lassie, for it's you I love—just you;
And it's Heaven I am seein' lookin' in those eyes o' blue.

Often, when I'm tired o' toilin', and I sit me down to rest,
It is then my heart is yearnin' for the one I love the best;
When my soul is sick with waitin', and my eyes are dim with tears,
And, in memory, I wander back through all the empty years,
Searching all the windin' by-ways, lookin', callin' for you, Dear,
Reachin' out my arms to take you, wondering if you do not hear;
Wantin' you, my Irish Lassie, while the stars gleam in the west,
And the nightingale's complaining to the blackthorn at its breast.



A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

My pal and me are wishing that Old Santa in his flight,
Finds every little boy and girl on this dear Christmas night;
We hope He stuffs each stocking till it can hold no more;
And then keep on a stuffin' till it spills down on the floor.

My pal believes in Santa Claus and Christmas, like I do,
And though I'm not a kid, like pal, I certainly trust Him, too;
For what's the use of living if our childhood faith is lost?
So keep your faith in Santa Claus no matter what it cost.

I miss my pal so much, you know, 'cause he has gone away,
And every night I'm lonely and lonely every day;
And every morn I'm listening to hear him loudly call,
"Wake up! Wake up, old fellow! You're not awake at all!"

So I am writing for Him to let you kiddies see
That we are praying for you, my dear, old pal and me;
A prayer that Christmas morning brings loads and loads of joy,
To every hungry little heart, of every girl and boy.

THE BONDS OF LOVE.

Just an humble little cottage,
With the vines upon the wall;
Just a nest among the shadows
Of the oak trees—that is all.
Just a bright light in the window,
So my feet may never roam,
Just a little wayside cottage.
But it's sweet—for it is Home!

Just an angel in this cottage,
With a pair of deep blue eyes;
And her hair like silver moonbeams,
When the summer daylight dies;
Just a love there, true and tender,
So my heart will never roam;
Just a pair of dear arms waiting,
And within them is my Home.

THE HILLS O' HOPE

SWEETHEARTS.

Sometimes, I think, when I am tired an' hot an' dirty, too,
That mothers are the bestest things in all the wurld, don't you?
My mother says, "You bad, bad boy; you are an awful sight,"
En' frowns, en' 'nen she sorter smiles en' hugs me right up tight.

She says the old, old rag-man will get me sure some day
If I just tear my clo's so bad when I am out at play;
An' asks me if I think that she was made to patch an' sew,
An' who will do it fer me 'nen, when she is gone, you know?

'Nen when she says such things as this my froat ist hurts inside,
Ist like I swallered sumpin' big—an' don't stop 'till I've cried;
The ole house gets so lonesome, too, when mother goes to call,
An' if she didn't come back—why, I wouldn't stay, that's all!

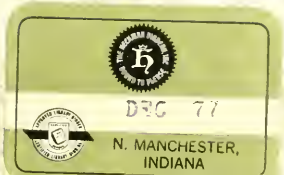
I think 'at God is mighty good to give us mothers who
Can do a lot uv things for us, 'at a ole man can't do,
'Nen when I get to be growed up I shore am goin' to be
Sweethearts wif my mother if she will be wif me.

THE BEND IN THE ROAD.

Long years ago, sweetheart of mine,
We wandered through the wood,
Where lingering shadows crossed our path,
And life was glad and good;
I boldly stole a kiss, which made
You blush and cry—and, then,
You, laughing, ran from me, and said:
"I'll wait around the bend."

'Twas where the old worn wagon road
Turned 'round the sloping hill,
I found you waiting there for me,
Methinks I see you still;
And tho' you've gone and left me here,
Where twilight shadows blend,
My faith speaks softly in my ear,
"She's waiting round the bend."

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